WILDC.A.T.S

COVERT ACTION TEAMS

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J'MLEE
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WILDC.A.T.S
COVERT-ACTION-TEAMS™

#5

KILLER INSTINCT PROLOGUE: FIRST BLOOD

I'm baaack!!!

But rather than starting over with a new first issue, I decided to just "extend" the WildCATS miniseries into a regular series. Why? Well, I did it mostly for psychological reasons as first issues are always the most difficult ones to tell and draw. You have to get the readers to accept and understand a whole legion of new concepts and characters—characters which you're illustrating often for the very first time. And as any professional in the business can tell you, it takes a while for an artist to get the hang of certain characters—the way they move, the way they talk, the way they react to different situations. And I've found that I haven't really "connected" with any new characters until I've had four or five issues worth under my belt.

It is also noteworthy to point out that this issue is also one of the prologues for the Killer Instinct crossover between the WildCATS and Cyberforce that I'm doing with studiomate Marc Silvestri, the creator of Cyberforce. To fully enjoy Homage Studios' first crossover ever, you need to check out the other Killer Instinct prologue, Cyberforce #1 as well. The clash between the WildCATS and Cyberforce then really heats up in WildCATS #6, continues into Cyberforce #2, then returns to WildCATS #7, to finally conclude in Cyberforce #3! It's not one to be missed. I've seen the Cyberforce issues and Marc is doing the work of his career!

On top of all this, we're planning a Killer Instinct Bus tour which will run this winter throughout the United States. Check out the Killer Instinct ads for the closest participating store near you!

Best —
Jim Lee
Homage Studios
San Diego, California

JIM LEE/BRANDON CHOI: CO-CREATORS

BRANDON CHOI/JIM LEE: STORY

JIM LEE: PENCILS

SCOTT WILLIAMS: INKS

JOE CHIODO: COLORS

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COLOR ASSISTS
PAIGE APFELBAUM & WENDY FOUTS

PRODUCTION
DENNIS HEISLER & CHRIS MILOS

I DON'T GET IT, ZEALOT.

WHAT IS THAT, BROTHER GRIFTER ?

HOW COME WE'RE ALWAYS THE FIRST ONES TO GO IN ?

I BELIEVE YOU WERE THE ONE WHO VOLUNTEERED US FOR THIS MISSION WITH THAT NONSENSE ABOUT IT BEING YOUR SOURCE WHO GAVE US THIS LEAD--

WELL... YEAH AND HE'S COME THROUGH FOR US BEFORE.

I'M JUST NOT SO SURE ABOUT GOING WITH JAKE'S PLAN...

... I MEAN... WE'RE THE PROFESSIONALS! UH-OH!

WE DON'T HAVE THE SPEED OR THE ALTITUDE.

NO CAN DO, ZEALOT.

THEN WE SIMPLY GO TO AN ALTERNATE LANDING ZONE.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

LOOKS LIKE A FOUR MAN ROVING PATROL.

DIDN'T EXPECT 'EM IN THIS SECTOR.

WAIT, GRIFTER! THERE IS STILL THE ROOF!

WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER?!

READY OR NOT, WE'RE GOIN' IN!

JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD!

PHAM! PHAM! PHAM! PHAM!

KRAK KRACK KRACKLE KRAK

BY HECATE!

WHAT MANNER OF *CREATURES* ARE THESE ?

ZEALOT'S A REGULAR *ANGEL OF DEATH* AND BEIN' A FORMER *MAJESTRIX* OF THE *CODA* DAMN NEAR PUTS HER IN THE SAME LEAGUE.

SHE'S HELL ON WHEELS AND NOTHIN' UP IN HEAVEN OR ON THIS EARTH IS GOIN' TO STOP HER ONCE SHE GETS ROLLING.

EVEN CONVINCED *ME* TO LEAVE *TEAM 7* TO HELP HER IN HER *CRUSADE* AGAINST THESE ALIEN GOONS CALLED THE *DAEMONITES*.

AND FOR THE PAST COUPLE OF YEARS, WE'VE BEEN THE DREAM TEAM NIGHTMARE FOR THEM AND THEIR ORGANIZATION, THE *CABAL*.

THEY'RE CALLED *HUNTER-KILLERS*.

HK'S FOR SHORT.

THE LOCAL CHIEFTAIN, *KAIZEN GAMORRA*, MANUFACTURES AND SELLS 'EM ON THE BLACK MARKET TO OTHER LITTLE DESPOTS FOR A SMALL FORTUNE.

SKRASH!

PHAM!

THWAK!

HWNNGH!

THEY'RE CYBORG SOLDIERS WHO DON'T NEED TO EAT, SLEEP OR EVEN THINK FOR THAT MATTER. THE PERFECT KILLERS FOR HIRE.

THAT'S WHAT THIS MISSION'S ALL ABOUT.

YOU SEE, THE LAST THING ANYONE NEEDS IS FOR THE DAEMONITES TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THIS TECHNOLOGY SO THEY CAN CREATE THE PERFECT BIOSYNTHETIC HOST BODIES FOR THEMSELVES.

MY SOURCE TELLS ME, OUR DAEMONITE'S WORKING FOR KAIZEN NOW, TRYING TO GET HIS HANDS ON GAMORRA'S LATEST BISEY* TECHNOLOGY.

PHAM!

AAARGH!

BISEY: BIOSYNTHETIC ENTITY

BY HECATE!

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BISEY: BIOSYNTHETIC ENTITY

AARGH!

CALIFORNIA, THIS IS FORTY-NINER.

WE'RE IN.

BEGINNING OUR SEARCH FOR THE *MOTHER LODE*.

GRIFTER!

TWO OF YOUR *PERFECT KILLERS* ARE STILL *ALIVE!*

IF THEY *ESCAPE*--

RELAX, ZEALOT.

THESE HKS ARE GOOD!

BUT ME...

...I'M THE *BEST!*

PHAM!

BOOM! THERE IT IS!

HHURRGH!

PHAM!

WELL... *AT LEAST* WITH A *GUN*.

CLICK!

CLICK!

THIS IS *NO TIME* FOR ANY OF YOUR SHOW-BOATING!

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF YOU'VE LEARNED ANYTHING AT ALL.

YOUR CARELESS BRAVADO JUST MAY PUT SOMEONE ELSE'S FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH.

ZEALOT'S ALWAYS GOT TO HAVE THE LAST WORD.

EVEN THOUGH SHE'S LEFT THE SISTERHOOD, SHE STILL LIVES BY THE SACRED PRECEPTS.

WHICH, OF COURSE, ALWAYS MAKES HER RIGHT.

BUT THEN, IT'S HARD TO ARGUE WITH SUCCESS.

YEARGH!

SHUCK!

SHUCK!

BOOM! THERE IT IS.

WHOMP!

LATER...

DO YOU EVEN *KNOW* WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

THOSE BODIES *MUST* HAVE BEEN FOUND BY NOW.

WE COULD VERY WELL BE WALKING INTO A TRAP.

LOOK, I *KNOW* WHAT I'M DOIN', ZEALOT, AND THERE'S *NO ONE ALIVE* WHO CAN GET THE DROP ON ME. I'D KNOW IT.

NOW, WE JUST MAKE A LEFT AT THIS CORNER AND WE'RE...

ALERT! ALERT! INTRUDER IN SECTOR FOUR!

INITIATING INTERCEPT.

... IN A WHOLE WORLD OF TROUBLE!

COMMENCE ISOLATION SEQUENCE.

ZAM! ZAM! ZAM!

DROIDS DON'T COUNT...

... AND MAKE THAT A *RIGHT!*

JUST AS LONG AS YOU *KNOW* WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

BOOM! BOOM!

MOVE IT, ZEALOT!

WE GOTTA GET THROUGH *THOSE DOORS* BEFORE THEY SEAL OFF THIS AREA!

THE DROIDS ARE *TOO CLOSE.*

YOU GO ON AHEAD WHILE I SLOW THEM DOWN.

BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT THE ACCESS CODE AND THE BEACON!

NOW GO!

ALRIGHT! BUT I'LL BE BACK!

VRRRP!

VRRRP!

I'LL BE WAITING!

YOU KNOW, I HATE IT WHEN SHE'S RIGHT ALL THE TIME.

SLAM!

HOLY $#%*!

THE WHOLE CORRIDOR'S LINED WITH A GATLING DEFENSE SYSTEM!

NO TIME TO USE MY GUNS.

BUT A FEW WELL-PLACED GRENADES SHOULD DO THE TRICK.

CALIFORNIA, THIS IS FORTY-NINER.

I'M AT THE VAULT BUT THE GATES ARE CLOSED.

TIME TO FIND OUT IF I GOT MY MONEY'S WORTH FROM CYBERJACK.

TIK TIK TAK TIK TAK TAK

BINGO!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS, OH MY!

FROMS THE LOOKS OF IT, THE DAEMONITE'S BEEN KEEPING HIMSELF PRETTY BUSY. THE PLACE IS ALMOST OPERATIONAL.

HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING THIS ADVANCED OUTSIDE OF THE LABS AT HALO.

WAIT A MINUTE! MARLOWE SAID HE *TRASHED* ALL OF KAIZEN'S HARDWARE WHEN HE GOT HIS HANDS ON THE *SPARTAN* PROTOTYPE! BUT THIS STUFF IS *BASED* ON THE *SAME* SYSTEM! WHERE'D THESE GUYS GET THE TECHNOLOGY TO BUILD ALL THIS?!

BETTER ACTIVATE THE *BEACON* AND CALL IN SOME *BACK UP*.

I'VE GOT A *BAD* FEELING ABOUT THIS.

AND WELL YOU SHOULD, GRIFTER.

WHERE'D HE COME FROM?!

SHOULD'VE SENSED HIM COMING!

WITH AN *ARMY* OF WARRIORS AS POWERFUL AS YOUR OWN *SPARTAN*, WE, DAEMONITES, SHALL DESTROY THE ACCURSED *KHERUBIM*, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

BUT FIRST, I SHALL *SAVOR* YOUR OWN DEATH.

HEY, BUDDY! EAT THIS!

PHAM! PHAM! PHAM! PHAM!

HIS NAME'S DR. HEINRICH RICHTOFFEN.

USED TO BE CYBERDATA'S TOP DOG IN ARTIFICIAL LIFE SCIENCES. NOW, HE'S JUST ANOTHER HOST BODY FOR THE CABAL... AND TARGET PRACTICE FOR ME.

SORRY, MY MAN. NOTHING PERSONAL.

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THIS, GRIFTER.

ESPECIALLY IF YOU WANT TO LIVE BEYOND THESE NEXT FEW MINUTES.

THOOMPH THOOMPH THOOMPH

ZZRAAM!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?!

THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE DOSSIER ABOUT HIM BEIN' A PARA-HUMAN!

MAYBE HE'S JUST NOT USED TO DOING THINGS BY HIMSELF, MY DEAR.

STAY BACK, SUGAR. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO HURT YOU--

THIS IS CRAZY!

SENSES AREN'T REGISTERING A LIFE-FORCE FROM EITHER OF THEM!

GOOD! THAT'LL MAKE KILLING YOU ALL THE EASIER!

WHO!

UUNGH!

I GUESS THAT'S THE FOOT ZEALOT WAS TALKING ABOUT.

FINISH HIM OFF, *MISERY.*

THEN WE SHALL DEAL WITH HIS COMPANION, *ZEALOT.*

ONCE WE'VE DISTILLED THE *DNA MATRICES* FROM THEIR DEAD BODIES, WE SHALL *INCORPORATE* THEM INTO THE BISEY BODIES TO CREATE *IN-VINCIBLE* HOSTS FOR THE CABAL!

HEY, *NICE NAME,* HONEY.

BET YOU'RE THE *LIFE* OF THE PARTY.

I'LL BE THE ONE TO *END* YOURS, GRIFTER!

KAIII!

WHSSSH

NOT BAD.

BUT YOU SEE, I'M *NOT* THAT *EASY...*

... AND YOU'RE JUST *NOT* THAT *GOOD.*

WHUCK!

UUUNGH!

MAYBE I CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND?

AARGH! SHE... SHE'S SOME KIND OF...*TELE-PATH.*

HARD... TO... RESIST...

YEAARRGH!

MOST IMPRESSIVE, GRIFTER.

YOU'RE THE *FIRST* MAN WHO'S *EVER* BEEN ABLE TO RESIST MISERY'S WILE.

SKRAKOW!

BUT IT WILL *COST* YOU YOUR *LIFE!*

NOT QUITE, HEINRICH.

IT SEEMS HE'S CHEATED DEATH AGAIN.

YOU KNOW, GRIFTER.

LIFE'S A BITCH...

...AND SO AM I!

KRAACK!

LET'S SEE IF I'VE SOFTENED UP THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS ENOUGH TO GET THROUGH THIS TIME.

MAYBE, I'LL EVEN USE YOU TO LURE ZEALOT INTO OUR TRAP!

WHAT'S THIS? NO MORE WITTY REMARKS, GRIFTER?

NOTHING LEFT IN YOUR BAG OF TRICKS?

HEY... WATCH...

...THE FACE... HONEY...

THAT'S RIGHT... JUST KEEP... TALKIN'...LADY!

DAMMIT! WHERE... ARE...THOSE GUYS?!

VNNN

EXCELLENT IDEA, MY DEAR.

THE DROIDS HAVE HER TRAPPED BACK IN SECTOR FOUR.

I'LL TAKE THEIR BODIES TO THE BUNKER WHEN I'M THROUGH.

ABOUT FRIGGIN' TIME!

VOODOO AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE DAEMONITE!

WARBLADE, YOU AND MAUL COVER THE WOMAN!

SO, THE REST OF THE WILDC.A.T.S ARE HERE AT LAST!

BUT IT WILL BE TO NO AVAIL, GRIFTER, FOR NOW YOU SHALL ALL SIMPLY PERISH TOGETHER!

GRIFTER! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

RICHTOFFEN'S PUTTING UP A GOOD SHOW...

...BUT HE'S GOTTA BE SCARED WITLESS BY NOW.

I'LL... BE FINE... VOODOO!

JUST... DO YOUR... STUFF!

THERE'S NO PROTECTION AROUND 'CEPT FOR MISERY.

LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE BUDDY'S PLAN WORKED AFTER ALL.

IMBUED WITH THE POWER OF THE SIGHT, VOODOO REACHES OUT WITH HER PSIONIC POWERS TO REACH INTO THE MIND OF DR. HEINRICH RICHTOFFEN.

ONCE THE MIND-LOCK IS ESTABLISHED, SHE SEES THROUGH THE DAEMONITE'S HUMAN DISGUISE AND FINDS THE MONSTER WITHIN.

MORE IMPORTANTLY THOUGH, VOODOO POSSESSES THE ABILITY TO PHYSICALLY AND PSYCHICALLY SEPARATE THE PARASITE AND HOST ENTITIES APART FROM EACH OTHER.

WHA--?!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

PAIN!

STOP THE PAIN!

NOOO!

THEREBY EXORCISING THE DAEMONITE OUT OF THE HUMAN HOST BODY.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE TREMENDOUS EXERTION OF MIND AND BODY LEAVES HER EXHAUSTED AND VULNERABLE...

... TO RETALIATION!

MEDDLESOME HALF-BREED!

YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS INTERFERENCE WITH YOUR LIFE!

WHACK!

HUUUNGH!

BUT BEFORE THE DAEMONITE CAN DELIVER THE KILLING BLOW, SPARTAN, THE WILDC.A.T.S' ANDROID TEAM LEADER, DISPATCHES THE MONSTER WITH A LETHAL BIO-BLAST.

THE ONLY ONE DYING TODAY WILL BE YOU!

SKRAKOW!

THA... THANK YOU, SPARTAN.

COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU, PRIS.

MEANWHILE...

WHOA NELLIE!

WHERE'D THE WALL COME FROM?!

TAKE IT EASY, BIG GUY. WE WERE JUST PLAYING.

BESIDES, IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO TO HIM!

THE NAME'S MAUL...

...AND YOU HURT MY PAL, GRIFTER.

SKRASH!

AMAZING!

THERE'S NOTHING UP THERE FOR ME TO WORK WITH!

AARGH!

GET OUTTA MY HEAD!

UH... HEY, ZEALOT!

WHADDAYA DOIN' BACK THERE?

NEED ANY HELP?

I CAN HANDLE THIS, MY FRIEND, BUT WE MUST LEAVE SOON.

THE DROIDS HAVE ALERTED THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES TO OUR PRESENCE.

BE STILL MY FOOLISH HEART!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, RENO.

SO, IT IS YOU, MISERY.

BUT... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

I SAW YOU DIE.

ONLY IN YOUR DREAMS, LOVER-BOY.

BUT WE CAN STILL KISS AND MAKE-UP.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES?

UTILIZING HIS HYBRID POWER TO INSTANTANEOUSLY FLEX PORTIONS OF HIS BODY INTO LETHAL INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH, WARBLADE SLASHES AND CUTS OPEN THE WOMAN HE ONCE LOVED MORE THAN LIFE, ITSELF.

NOOO!

THIS TIME I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

THAT TAKES CARE OF *THIS* BUNCH, JEREMY, BUT *REINFORCEMENTS* ARE ON THE WAY.

TELL SPARTAN WE'RE *RUNNING OUT* OF TIME!

MY HEART SKIPS A BEAT WHEN I SEE HER.

'CAUSE I'M ALWAYS WONDERING WHEN IT'LL BE FOR THE LAST TIME.

SPARTAN! ZEALOT SAYS WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

ABOUT *TIME* YOU JOINED THE PARTY, ZEALOT.

SO WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THE *MEMORY CORE*, SPARTAN?

ARE WE IN YET?

THE SECURITY SYSTEM IS MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN I EXPECTED, COLE.

RICHTOFFEN'S INTEGRATED AN *AUTO-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE* INTO ITS COMMAND PROGRAM.

ONE WRONG ENTRY AND THIS PLACE WILL BLOW --

I'M IN. THE SERVER PROGRAM'S BRINGING THE DATA ON-LINE NOW.

BUT THERE'S JUST *TOO MUCH* DATA FOR ME TO ANALYZE AT ONCE.

I'LL HAVE TO *DOWN-LOAD* IT AND *TAKE IT BACK* WITH US TO HALO.

AS SPARTAN ACTIVATES THE FIBER-OPTIC CONDUIT, DATA STREAMS INTO HIS OWN NEURO-PROCESSING UNIT FROM THE MEMORY CORE. THOUGH IT POURS THROUGH AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, SPARTAN'S NEURO-PROCESSING UNIT IS STILL ABLE TO KEY IN ON THE VITAL FACTS.

WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM, GRIFTER!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RICHTOFFEN'S NEW BISEY SYSTEM BEING BASED ON MY OWN COS*7 PATTERN.

SOMEHOW, HE'S MANAGED TO GET HIS HANDS ON SOME OF MY OWN SOURCE CELLS. WHAT'S MORE, HE'S COMPLETED THE FINAL TEST ON HIS FIRST PRODUCTION MODEL.

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

*C.O.S.: CYBERNETIC OPERATIONS SYSTEM

THEN LET'S HIGH-TAIL IT OUTTA HERE WHILE WE STILL CAN.

NO! IT'S GOT TO BE DESTROYED.

THIS DATA'S TOO DANGEROUS TO LEAVE BEHIND!

KRRSH! KRRSH!

REALITY CHECK, SPARTAN!

THERE ARE TOO MANY DROIDS AND TOO FEW OF US.

GUESS THE OUTCOME OF THAT EQUATION, LEADER-MAN!

PHAM! PHAM! PHAM!

THEN IT WON'T BE MY FIRST MISTAKE, GRIFTER!

BECAUSE INSTEAD OF DELETING THE DATA, I THINK I'VE JUST SET OFF THE AUTO-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE!

YOU DID WHAT?!

IT'S JUST AS WELL. THIS WAY WE'LL TAKE OUT THE ENTIRE LAB, TOO.

NOW, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

KA-THOOM!

BOOM!

LISTENING TO SPARTAN MAKES ME WONDER IF IT'S SUCH A BRIGHT IDEA HAVING A LEADER WHO'S NOT AFRAID TO DIE... OR CAN'T... FOR THAT MATTER!

BUT THE EXPLODING DROIDS AND EQUIPMENT TELL ME THAT I'D BETTER LISTEN TO HIM... FOR THE TIME BEING.

EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME...
... YOU STILL WANT ME, DON'T YOU ?
JUST MY HANDS WRAPPED AROUND YOUR THROAT, LYDIA !
HAH ! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, RENO.
I SAW THAT ONE COMING FROM A MILE AWAY.
WHAM!
YOU... WON'T GET... AWAY-- HUUUNGH !
AARRGH!
WHACK!
HAW ! BETCHA DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMIN' !
YOU ALL RIGHT, RENO ?
THE LADY'S TALKIN' LIKE SHE KNOWS YOU.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON BETWEEN YOU TWO ?
IT'S... PERSONAL !
NEGATIVE, WARBLADE !
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE !
YOU MISS THIS RIDE AND YOU'LL BE SINGING WITH ANGELS!

AS THE WILDC.A.T.S ASSEMBLE, THE SECOND WAVE OF SECURITY DROIDS ARRIVES ON THE SCENE AND QUICKLY SURROUNDS THEM.

HEY, SPARTAN! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE CUSTER AT LITTLE BIG HORN!

IF WE'RE *LEAVIN'* THEN *LET'S DOIT!*

VNNN

SKRAKOW!

ALL UNITS.

...PREPARE TO...

...TERMINATE INTRUDERS!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, *ADRIANNA!*

GET US OUT OF HERE!

KEEP IT TIGHT, PEOPLE!

MAKE SURE YOU STAY *INSIDE* THE *DIMENSIONAL FIELD!*

SKRAKOW!

SUDDENLY, I FEEL THE WARP EFFECT HIT ME. AND FOR A SECOND, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL GOIN' TO MAKE IT...

...THEN THE $#%@ HIT THE FAN! CAUSE THERE'S NOTHIN' WORSE THAN A WOMAN SCORNED.

LEAVING *ALREADY,* DARLING?

I GUESS *BEARCLAW* WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU BEING A *QUITTER!*

HEY! GET BACK HERE!

VNNN

RAARH!

LET ME GO!

GET BACK HERE, YA CRAZY KID!

SPARTAN, I'LL GO GET--

NO, JEREMY! THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BLOW!

YOUR TRICKS WON'T WORK ON ME ANYMORE, LYDIA!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH *HATE* NOW TO *BLOCK* YOU OUT, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, TO *KILL* YOU, MYSELF!

AS MUCH AS I *HATED* LEAVING ONE OF OUR OWN, SPARTAN DID WHAT HE HAD TO...

... AND THE REST OF US WOULD HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT.

I JUST HOPED WARBLADE WOULD *SURVIVE* IT.

YOU *ALWAYS* WERE A *JEALOUS* FOOL, RENO.

EVEN BACK THEN WHEN WE WERE WITH *CYBERDATA*.

DEEP INSIDE, YOU STILL LOVE ME, DON'T YOU BABY?

LOVE-HATE.

THEY'RE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN, RENO.

ONE WORKED ON BEARCLAW AND I CAN STILL USE THE OTHER ON YOU!

KRACK!

AAARRGH!

THE FORMER LOVERS BATTLE ON IN A LETHAL DUET OF DEATH WITH NO QUARTER ASKED...

SHRRRIP!

AAIIEE!

...AND NONE GIVEN.

IN THE SKIES ABOVE GAMORRA, A FAMILIAR SOUND FILLS THE MIRV COCKPIT AS IT STANDS BY AT ITS CLOAKED POSITION.

VNNN

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WWW

AS SPARTAN PILOTS MIRY A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE RE-SEARCH FACILITY, HE ACTIVATES THE SHIP'S DEFLECTOR SHIELDS.

WHAT'S THE SITUATION DOWN THERE, ZEALOT

NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET, SPARTAN.

MAYBE THERE IS STILL TIME FOR VOID TO--

BADABOOM!

THAT'S WHEN THE SHOCK WAVE HITS!

I WATCH AS THE FIRST EXPLOSION RIPS THE ROOF OFF OF THE LAB.

KABOOM!!

THOOM!

BUT IT'S THE SECOND ONE THAT BLOWS THE TOP OFF OF THE ENTIRE MOUNTAIN...

... AND ANY HOPE WE MIGHT'VE HAD.

EVEN THOUGH WE WERE TAKIN' SHRAPNEL HITS FROM THE BLAST...

... IT WASN'T THE FIRST THING ON OUR MINDS AT THE MOMENT.

RENO!

NO ONE COULD'VE SURVIVED THAT!

JAKE AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS, MAN...

ZONE